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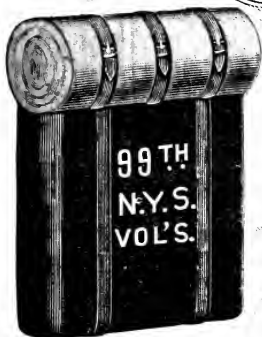
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Imprint _____

Capt. Kelly's



Knapsack.

CAPTAIN KELLY'S **KNAPSACK.**

WELL PACKED

WITH A CHOICE SELECTION OF HIS MOST POPULAR SONGS AND
OTHER SMALL PIECES.



ALSO CONTAINING HIS CELEBRATED SONG OF

“THE OLD FIRE LADDIE.”

ALL WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY HIMSELF.



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, CAPT. P. F. KELLY.

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CAPTAIN KELLY'S KNAPSACK.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

At the request of many friends, I have concluded to publish my songs and other small pieces, which I have written from time to time during my leisure moments. I gave some to the press, and they were favorably received, which gives me confidence in my humble efforts as an author to try again for public favor; and I hope that whatever faults or errors the reader may find will be forgiven, and the will taken for the deed. In looking through my KNAPSACK the reader will find variety. I have tried to please all, and to recall some recollections of the past dear to the hearts of all old New Yorkers, when Sandy Gibson's and the old "Beehive" were away out of town, where we often went, when boys, to learn to swim, when playing "hookey" from school, eating our dinner after a "watersoak," and having a good time in general. Also, in the days of the old Volunteer Fire Department, when every boy had his favorite machine to run with. Those were lively days and bully times.

A few words to my old comrades in camp and field, who wore the Blue—Uncle Sam's Pets—when we dined on the fat of the land—hardtack, salt horse, nice fat pork, and mouldy bacon, with all we could steal and forage—the days that tried men's stomachs and patriotism. Those who are left after the scenes and hardships we went through during the war, are anxiously waiting for the Government to give us a pension of eight dollars a month, to enable us to pass the remainder of our lives as easy as possible. Well, boys, we have done our duty to our country, and it gives us pleasure to think that we have lived for some good purpose in benefitting our fellow-men.

With these few remarks, I will say something of myself.

Shakespeare tells us that some men are born great, some become great, and some are born with a silver spoon in their mouth. It was my misfortune to be born young and good looking. There were too many ahead of me to get rich, and so I got left. Besides, my modesty had something to do in keeping me poor. Anyway, I had to take a back seat all my life, which I still hold. But my luck may change for the better one of these days, and I may sail into fame and fortune. My motto is, "Never despair." At an early age I was sent to school, like other little

CAPT. KELLY'S "RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

By Capt. P. KELLY.

AIR.—" Vilikins and his Dinah."

At our country's first call, in the year sixty-one,
 When every brave freeman and true-hearted son
 Then shouldered his rifle and bade home adieu,
 To fight for the Union, the Red, White, and Blue.

CHORUS.

Boys, march away, march, like veterans so true—
 We'll all fight and die for the Red, White, and Blue.

In camp or on march, by day or by night,
 Our boys, always ready, did battle for right;
 The bondsman, a chattel, for freedom did sue,
 For his ransom we fought 'neath the Red, White, and Blue
 Boys, march away, march, etc.

All day we go scouting o'er fields and through wood,
 And sometimes are up to our knees in the mud,
 Without any rations, and barefooted too—
 We'll all die defending the Red, White, and Blue.
 Boys, march away, march, etc.

When night comes we station our pickets around,
 Then roll in our blankets, and sleep on the ground;
 Our dear ones at home in visions we view,
 While guarding the Union, the Red, White, and Blue.
 Boys, march away, march, etc.

We rise in the morning before break of day,
 Eat hardtack and coffee, and then march away
 In pursuit of the "Johnnies" we are bound to subdue,
 And make them submit to the Red, White, and Blue.
 Boys, march away, march, etc.

I've been in the army for over three years,
 And have fought for the Union with brave volunteers;
 I've seen some hard fighting, and dangers been thro'—
 Three cheers for the Union, the Red, White, and Blue.
 Boys, march away, march, etc.

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS.

AIR.—“Bruce's Address.”

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

WHEN traitors fired on our flag,
Loudly then did boast and brag,
The stars and bars would be the rag
Of Southern chivalry.

Their cursed work they first begun
On Sumter's walls, near Charleston,
Defended by brave Anderson,
With Spartan bravery.

Every means they sought and tried
Our glorious Union to divide—
Seized our forts, our laws defied,
To rend our unity.

They trampled all was good and just,
Our good old flag trail'd in the dust,
Our soldiers into prison thrust,
And Union men to flee.

Freemen, aroused, armed for the fray,
To wipe foul treason's stain away ;
God grant we soon shall see the day
Brings peace and victory.

A nation mourns her fallen slain,
Who died for freedom not in vain ;
They break the captive's galling chain,
And set the bondman free.

THE GRAND POTOMAC ARMY.

Respectfully dedicated to the Grand Army of th Potomac

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

BRAVE comrades, join me in three cheers,
 And wipe away all bitter tears,
 That wet our cheeks for many years
 In the Grand Potomac Army.
 We give our heart and hand to those
 Who met us in the field as foes,
 Our malice ended with our blows,
 In the Grand Potomac Army.
 Peace and good-will we cherish still,
 In the Grand Potomac Army.

To all who nobly led the van,
 In freedom's cause to every man,
 To glorious GRANT and SHERIDAN,
 Of the Grand Potomac Army.
 To Little Mac, the soldier's pride,
 And gallant Meade, the true and tried,
 Old Fighting Joe and brave Burnside,
 Of the Grand Potomac Army.
 Each honored name will live in fame,
 Of the Grand Potomac Army.

Now smiling peace has come again,
 No warrior's blood was shed in vain,
 And glory crowns the valiant slain,
 Of the Grand Potomac Army.
 To fallen braves the good and true,
 Each gallant heart who wore the blue,
 A laurel wreath we weave for you,
 Of the Grand Potomac Army.
 Each passing year we prize more dear
 In the Grand Potomac Army.

IN MEMORIAM.

Acrostic and Epitaph on the Death of a young Friend.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

ACROSTIC.

T HOUGH lost to sight. to memory dear,
 H ope brings relief when death is near;
 O h God, on whom we all rely,
 M ost merciful and ever nigh,
 A nd trusting in Thy grace to save,
 S o we may live beyond the grave.

C ome, Jesus, let thy mercy flow,
 A nd save us all from endless woe;
 N one ever call'd on Thee in vain.
 N or sought 'Thine aid but did obtain;
 O n Thee we lean, in Thee we trust,
 N ow we poor mortals are but dust.

EPITAPH.

Farewell, dear Tom, life's dream is o'er,
 Your days on earth were short and few;
 God rest your soul. you've gone before;
 The Lord be merciful to you.
 His boundless love is great and free,
 Extending o'er earth and skies.
 In glory crown'd may you be.
 To sing His praise in Paradise.

ACROSTIC.

TO A YOUNG LADY FRIEND.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

M AY is the month when flowers bloom,
 A nd fill the air with sweet perfume;
 M ight I a little blossom choose,
 I 'd call my rosebud Mamie Hughes,
 E ach tiny leaf its tendrils twine
 F orever round this heart of mine.
 H ow soon the days merge into years,
 U ntil old age, and death appears.
 G rant us Thy help. oh Lord, to say
 H ow well we kept each hour and day;
 E nable us with grace to rise,
 S o we may rest in Paradise.

THE GALLANT NINETY-NINE.

AIR.—“Irish Molly, Oh!”

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

BRAVE comrades, all, come list to me, your spirits I will cheer,
I will try and sing the praise of the gallant Volunteer;
On picket, or at fighting, boys, with spirits gay and fine,
I do declare, few can compare with Gallant Ninety-Nine.

At Big Bethel and Newmarket Bridge, we tried the rebel pluck,
At Hampton Roads, our boys were there, and to their colors
stuck;
Our lads on board the “Congress,” with valor there did shine,
Worked their guns like noble sons of gallant Ninety-Nine.

Our brave boys were at Hatteras, Roanoke, too, and Newbern,
To Norfolk next, we there did go, to give them another turn;
We landed at Cape Henry, on the beach we formed in line,
The rebs retire from the fire of the gallant Ninety-Nine.

At Norfolk then we did encamp, for near six months we lay,
Then to Deep Creek we started off, to drive the rebs away;
Through rain and mud we march’d along, o’er trees of fallen
pine;
Hurrah! they come, with fife and drum, the gallant Ninety-Nine.

To Suffolk next we then did go, and left our camping-ground,
And ordered to the front, brave boys, the rebs did us surround;
Three weeks we in the trenches lay, in weather, rain or shine;
In the rifle pits we gave them fits; hurrah, for Ninety-Nine!

We lost many gallant comrades on the first of May,
Sad to relate, our loss was great in that bloody fray;
Full sixty killed and wounded, fell out of the line;
Come, drop a tear to memory dear, the killed of Ninety-Nine.

Now o’er the tomb the flowers bloom, of our departed braves,
And sad to tell, brave Hart* he fell, and fills a soldier’s grave;
On the Blackwater ford his men deployed, as skirmishers in
line,
A rebel sent a ball that went through brave Hart of Ninety-
Nine.

* The writer’s old captain, J. H. Hart, Esq., killed June 16, 1863.

THE OLD FIRE LADDIE.

Respectfully dedicated to the members of the New York Volunteer Fire Department, as a testimony of their worth and zeal in devoting their lives and services in rescuing the lives and property of their fellow-citizens, without pay or reward. The author of the following lines passed many a pleasant day in their company, and brings sweet recollections of the past.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

AIR.—“The Wearing of the Green.”

My thoughts oft wander to the time when it was joy to me
To hear the old fire-bell ring out ; what pleasure then to see
Our laddies rushing at the sound, and running to a fire ;
Before the days of steam I sing, or telegraphic wire.

Our noble lads, when duty called, no danger did they fear ;
They went to rescue and to save a gallant volunteer.
Red shirt, dark pants, a belt and cap, their rig, a gay attire ;
You bet they made things lively, boys, when running to a fire.

The bell had music in its tone, it charmed the hearts of all :
Our boys dropp'd work and business too in answer to its call.
Their service to the public free, they asked no pay or hire ;
Without reward they risked their lives to rescue from the fire.

Their brawny arms did man the brakes, and make the water
fly ;
What fun to wash some boss machine, and suck another dry ;
And if the boys fooled with the butt, or gave us any chin,
Our lads were pretty handy, on their muscle to sail in.

I like to sit around and hear the old boys laugh and tell
The time they passed some fast machine, and went by with
a yell,
And how they spun along the track, thro' hail, rain, snow and
mire.
What time they made getting in, and put first stream on the
fire.

I sometimes meet, and gladly see some of the old stock left.
How many more we miss, brave boys, are sleeping cold in
death.
The fleeting years go rolling by, we're getting bald and gray ;
Most of the lads have all cash'd in, and we are on the way.

THE OLD FIRE LADDIE.—Concluded.

We gather round, recall the past, and list to some dear name
Who gave his life, at duty's call, to save from smoke and
flame:

Who onward to the rescue went, a helpless life to save,
Through blinding smoke and falling walls, and filled a mar-
tyr's grave.

How times have changed, and now we have another race of
men;

The boys who've gone, we never more shall see their like
again.

Brave, noble lads, so firm and true, your records plainly tell;
Your gallant deeds will ever live. Brave boys, a long farewell.

THE GALLANT FIREMEN.

Respectfully dedicated to the members of the New York Fire Department,
preservers of our lives and property.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

Words and music at DITSON'S, Broadway, New York.

THE gallant firemen, bold and true,
Are ever prompt at duty's call:
Our lives and hopes depend on you,
No fear of death your minds appall.
When smoke rolls out and flames arise
To light a pathway to the skies,
Then, summoned by the bell or wire,
Where duty calls, to save from fire.

CHORUS.

The bells ring out and call for aid,
And steady runs the clicking wire:
Bold heroes of the fire brigade,
Turn out! turn out, boys! Fire! fire! fire!

'Midst flame and smoke we see you stand,
And while the red sparks 'round you fly,
Battling for life, with pipe in hand,
The terrors of grim death defy;

THE GALLANT FIREMEN.—Concluded.

Your life's great hope and only aim
 To rescue from the burning flame;
 Your deeds of valor all admire
 When duty calls to save from fire.
 The bells ring out and call, etc.

May God protect and spare your lives,
 Bold heroes of the fire brigade,
 For kindred, home, and loving wives,
 And may your laurels never fade.
 May friendship's smile, and gentle love
 Warm each stout heart, till call'd above.
 In doing good you never tire
 When duty calls to save from fire.
 The bells ring out and call, etc.

OUR BRAVE POLICEMEN.

A small tribute of respect to a fine body of men and gallant officers,
 guardians of the peace, who risk their lives in preserving law and
 order.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

In shades of night, when all is still,
 And drowsy sleep the eyelids fill ;
 When crime and guilt, which fear the light,
 Steal on their victim in the night,
 The worthy chief, in orders brief,
 Sends out his men to find the thief.

The rogues and thieves, like beasts of prey,
 Will rob and steal, then sneak away,
 And if pursued, will take a life
 With pistol, club, or deadly knife.
 The heart may bleed at some foul deed
 By frenzied man for gain or greed.

Men branded with the mark of Cain,
 With blood their guilty souls will stain ;
 Will spend their lives to plot and plan
 'Gainst all the laws of God and man.
 Our police trace each hardened case—
 Those vampires of the human race.

OUR BRAVE POLICEMEN.—Concluded.

Swift justice, like an eagle's flight,
 The darkest crime will bring to light—
 Track felons to the gates of hell,
 And lodge them in a prison's cell.
 They find a clue, and will pursue
 The rascals till they get their due.

On brave policemen all depend
 To guard our homes and lives defend ;
 Fearless and bold, and ever true,
 The public good they keep in view.
 Thro' rain and snow on watch they go,
 A mark for the assassin's blow.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

How times have changed since we were boys,
 Some forty years ago ;
 The youngsters now are very fast,
 And say our pace is slow ;
 Old Time rocks all the boys to rest,
 To pay the debt we owe ;
 The good old stock is dying out
 Since forty years ago.

What bully times at Sandy's, boys !
 Those days are past and gone ;
 And if our rations did run out,
 Strike in for Copey John.
 No sorrow then or care we knew,
 No trouble, grief, or woe,
 For everything was lovely, boys,
 Some forty years ago.

How many ups and downs in life,
 What sports too we have seen,
 When the old firebell rung us out,
 To run with the machine ;
 And if we had a little muss,
 It ended in a blow—
 Our bully boys would use no knives
 Some forty years ago.

FORTY YEARS AGO.—Concluded.

My poor old pate is getting bald,
 The few hairs left are gray,
 And, like the good old times we had,
 The rest will pass away.
 The boys are scattered far and wide—
 Tom, Billy, Mike, and Joe—
 And for our country many died
 Since forty years ago.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON A DEPARTED FRIEND, FRANCIS MARRON.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

A LONG and happy life is past—
 Gone to his resting place at last ;
 He's paid the debt we all do owe,
 And soon or late we'll have to go.

He bore his sufferings like a saint,
 Without a murmur or complaint :
 His heavenly face beamed with a smile,
 His heart was pure and free from guile.

His heart and hand were ever free
 In deeds of love and charity ;
 He passed his three score years and ten,
 One of the best and kindest men.

A Christian, Marron lived and died,
 God's holy law his hope and guide ;
 A loving wife he left behind,
 And children dear, so good and kind ;

Their every hope and constant prayer
 That God their father's life would spare ;
 But God had willed it otherwise.
 And called him home to Paradise.

His righteous soul hath winged its flight
 To heaven, we trust, with angels bright.
 Crown him, O Lord, in heaven above,
 With glory and eternal love.

OLD TIMES ROCK.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

WHEN we were young and in our prime,
We used to have a good old time,
Join in the chorus, make it chime.
Tom, Jimmy, Mike, and Joe—Old Times Rock,
The good old stock, the boys of long ago.

Each heart was light and free from care,
Of joys of life we had our share,
The boys were welcome everywhere;
You can bet high it's so—Old Times Rock,
The good old stock, the boys of long ago.

Now Time has whitened my old pate—
He scalps us all, boys, soon or late ;
We're on the homestretch, sure as fate,
But still we make a show—Old Times Rock,
The good old stock, the boys of long ago.

Money was made only to spend,
And share it with a needy friend ;
The hand to give and heart to lend,
The same with high and low—Old Times Rock,
The good old stock, the boys of long ago.

Old Time has left his mark and seal,
And follows all through woe and weal,
With joys and sorrows that we feel,
Alike from friend and foe—Old Times Rock,
The good old stock, the boys of long ago.

When I look back to the days of yore,
And think of friends we'll see no more,
Kind hearts and true who've gone before,
My tears unbidden flow—Old Times Rock,
The good old stock, the boys of long ago.

CAPTAIN KELLY'S "BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, THEN GO A-HEAD."

The Music can be obtained at Ditson's Music Store, 711 Broadway.

THEY say success in life depends,
By old and young we hear it said,
With plenty cash and lots of friends,
You're always right and go a-head.

CHORUS.

This maxim always keep in view,
Fools rush where angels fear to tread;
Whatever path you may pursue,
Be sure you're right, then go a-head.

The bulls and bears will corner gold,
And water stocks, their shares to spread;
Then buy up dupes with what they sold,
Beat all they can, then go a-head.
This maxim, etc.

In politics some make their pile,
And gamble like a thorough-bred;
Big diamonds wear and sport the style,
Fast horses drive, and go a-head.
This maxim, etc.

The poor man sweats at honest toil,
And labors hard to earn his bread,
Works at the forge and tills the soil,
From morn till eve to go ahead.
This maxim, etc.

When a poor fellow's broken down,
His pockets dry and nary red,
At his misfortunes never frown,
Give him a lift, and go ahead.
This maxim, etc.

The game of life will soon be o'er,
Old Death is trumps, and spades are led,
The deal is up! we play no more!
Pass in your checks, and go a-head.
This maxim, etc.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

The Music of this song can be obtained at DITSON'S Music Store, 711 Broadway.

THIS life is but a game of chance, there's many ups and downs,
From youth to age the road is hard when fortune on us frowns,
Toil, sweat, and poverty our lot, cold, weary, pale, and wan ;
We must endure, and if we're poor let's do the best we can.

CHORUS.

There's many ups and downs, my boys ; this life is but a span ;
Should Fortune frown don't be cast down, but do the best you
can.

The proud and grand may dress in robes and live in splendid
ease,
For wealth can pamper to their taste, bring everything they
please,
In coaches lined with satin roll, and drive a costly span ;
The poor, I find, must walk behind, and do the best they can.
There's many, etc.

The world is wide, there's room for all, a maxim old and true ;
Then help a brother in distress, and give each man his due ;
Be kind to all who need your aid, assist your fellow-man—
A friend in need is one indeed, then do the best you can.
There's many, etc.

Old age may steal the fire of youth, my sight grows dim with
years,
And sorrow darkens all my joys, my cheeks bedew with tears ;
I'll bear it all without a sigh and smile at fortune's ban,
With cheerful heart will act my part, and do the best I can.
There's many, etc.

GOD HELP THE NEEDY POOR.

Respectfully dedicated to the Knights of Labor.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

HARD times have come, and all complain,
 What can the poor man do?
 Business dull, shops closed again,
 Work only for the few.
 Our wives and children cry for bread—
 Grim want is at the door:
 We struggle on till hope has fled—
 God help the needy poor.

How hard the miseries of life
 The poor man has to bear:
 The trials, sufferings, and the strife,
 The burdens that we share;
 Misfortune follows woe and want,
 We suffer and endure.
 We labor hard, our pay is small—
 God help the needy poor.

Sure poverty is not a crime,
 And should be no disgrace,
 The wealthy men of every clime
 Should share it with their race,
 And freely give, with heart and hand,
 From out their worldly store:
 All should obey divine command:
 Go help the starving poor.

Brave noblemen, your country's pride
 And hope in time of need,
 The bone and sinew, true and tried,
 In freedom's cause you lead;
 Defenders of our flag and soil,
 The flag we all adore.
 Hard-fisted sons of honest toil,
 The fearless, brave, and poor.

We look to Him who rules on high,
 Great God above us all;
 He hears the widow's mournful cry,
 And sees the sparrow's fall,
 Shelters the orphan in distress,
 The lowly and obscure;
 The saints all praise and angels bless,
 God will reward the poor.

A ROVER I WILL BE.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

I LOVED a girl named Mary Jane,
 A bonny lass was she ;
 I tried my best her heart to gain,
 And win her love to me ;
 Her ruby lips so bright and red
 Are longing for a kiss,
 With eyes that sparkle in her head,
 So full of love and bliss.

CHORUS.

For Mary Jane I'll cross the main,
 And plough the raging sea ;
 The briny foam shall be my home—
 A rover I will be.

But Mary proved to me unkind—
 My heart with grief is torn ;
 No peace or comfort can I find,
 I'm wretched and forlorn ;
 They say true love can ne'er forget ;
 I found it so with me,
 For Mary shook me, and you bet
 A rover I will be.

For Mary Jane, etc.

MY LITTLE DAISY.

To MY KATIE.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

My bonny girl is like a fairy,
 Dear to me, so blithe and gay ;
 Her form is fair, step light and airy ;
 Sweeter than the rose in May.
 As dark as raven's wing her tresses,
 Bright as sunlight is her eye ;
 With loving glance to cheer and bless us,
 Beaming like a summer's sky.
 Her gentle heart is warm and tender,
 Pure in thought and free from guile,
 And mine a thrill of joy doth render,
 As I greet her winning smile.
 In Katie lies my hope and treasure,
 For joy and bliss her smiles impart ;
 My Daisy is my pride and pleasure,
 As I hold her to my heart.

TO MY GRANDSON, JAMES K. CONNELL.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

God bless you, Jim, my darling boy,
A welcome messenger of love ;
With pride we see, and hail with joy.
Our smiling cherub from above.

A worthy son, an honored man,
My boy, I wish you good and great,
All that is noble in life's span,
A credit to your name and state.

Connell is a glorious name,
And may its lustre never dim ;
Oh may it light you on to fame,
My little hero, darling Jim.

May God protect you from all harm,
And guide you by His holy will,
Extend His love and sheltering arm,
And keep you safe from every ill.

May all your days be bright and long ;
In honor's cause go lead the van,
In virtue great, in wisdom strong.
God's noblest work, an honest man.

IN MEMORIAM.

Acrostic on the late Francis Marron.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

F ather of eternal light,
R obe him in holy grace divine,
A nd crown with heavenly angel's light ;
N ear thee. O Lord, all praise be thine,
C reator, God supreme on high,
I n thee we trust, on thee rely,
S o we may live beyond the sky.

M y God, to thee in wondrous praise,
A ll nations bow and bend the knee,
R ejoicing hearts to thee we raise,
R edeemed by Christ on Calvary ;
O ur souls we hope may find that rest
N ear thee, O God, forever blessed.

TO MY FRIEND PETER F. MARRON, ESQ.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

WITH friendship true my heart does beat,
And ever will for you, dear Pete;
Let changes come, as come they will,
I'm true in love and friendship still.

Now, Pete, my boy, hear me, I pray,
I'm growing bald as well as gray;
No use to fret, old Time will win,
And soon or late we'll all cash in.

Pete, with your namesake intercede,
So we may have a friend in need;
Saint Peter carries all the keys,
Now introduce me if you please.

So when we meet at heaven's gate,
I hope we will not have to wait;
We cast away our load of sin,
May good Saint Peter pass us in.

Well, our poor hearts are soft and clean,
And not ashamed on Christ to lean,
Or call on the Divine for aid—
A Saviour's blood the debt has paid.

TO MY YOUNG FRIEND MICHAEL LYNCH.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

WHEN you are on the road to fame,
And all I hope and wish you to be,
When striving for an honored name,
Dear Mike, my boy, remember me.

Come, take this maxim to your heart—
Honest and true your motto be;
Be kind to all, act well your part,
Have faith in God, remember me.

As time flies on through endless space,
Our brightest hopes like shadows flee;
Still persevere with heavenly grace,
Your trust in God, remember me.

When this poor heart shall cease to beat,
And from all pain and sorrow's free;
In heaven I hope, dear Mike, we'll meet—
May God remember you and me.

OUR CHAMPION.

Respectfully dedicated to JOHN L. SULLIVAN, champion of the world, by
one who admires his great qualities, Capt. P. KELLY.

I TUNE my harp in praise to sing
Our champion of the fistie ring,
Brave Sullivan from Boston town,
Fame's gladiator of renown.

In form, sublime, in action, grace,
True scion of the Celtic race;
His country's pride—long may he reign,
And in the ring new laurels gain.

When forced to meet a vaunting foe,
And in the ring your valor show,
With nature's weapons in the square,
No armor in the strife you bear.

With Irish pluck and Yankee skill,
You're master of all champions still;
My heart's best wishes, may you be
Each battle led to victory.

Like Samson in the days of old,
So lion-hearted, brave, and bold,
A man of muscle and great might,
You vanquish all your foes in fight.

May each new strife crown with success,
And victory all your efforts bless;
For your proud heart the fates defy,
Would conquer death, and scorn to die.

THE VOLUNTEER AND THISTLE.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

Our noble eagle soars on high,
With pinions spread, mounts to the sky,
Stops in his flight with searching gaze,
New fields to conquer he surveys.

We build fast yachts to sweep the seas,
And do excel in any breeze ;
Our Volunteer, she can't be beat,
The pride and idol of the fleet.

The Thistle, bonny Scotland's pride,
Came over from the other side,
And made a vow to do us up,
But Yankee Doodle holds the cup.

Our men are great in pluck and skill,
In science lead, with power and will,
And beat the world in fame and worth,
The greatest people on the earth.

Each jolly tar who ploughs the main,
Come fill and drink to Burgess' name ;
All honor to Columbia's son,
We hold the cup he nobly won.

Takes Paine to build a Volunteer,
And gallant Haff to sail and steer ;
Health and success to all our braves,
Columbia rules the land and waves.

MEMORIAL DAY IN CALVARY CEMETERY.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

We're treading now on hallowed ground,
 'Midst joys and hopes lie buried here;
 Each little plot and grassy mound
 Is sanctified to memory dear.
 Fond hearts I loved, and true to me,
 Are resting here in Calvary.

The soldiers who for country fell,
 And heroes who came home to die
 From wounds received by shot and shell,
 Within this sacred spot they lie.
 No more they'll answer the reveille,
 Their arms are stacked in Calvary.

Old comrades, they assemble here,
 With friendship's offering to the brave,
 The same sad rite each passing year,
 To strew fresh flowers on each grave.
 Those touching scenes I always see
 On Memorial day in Calvary.

The widow bowed in humble prayer,
 And kneeling on the cold, damp sod,
 Mourning her husband resting here,
 Is pleading to Almighty God
 For his poor soul. Oh may he be
 With our dear Lord on Calvary.

Fond mothers, they come here to pray
 And weep for loved ones dead and gone;
 In silent tears they pass the day,
 In grief and anguish sigh and moan.
 Great God of love, they call on thee,
 And Christ, who died on Calvary.

The hardy sons of honest toil,
 Their deeds and virtues all unknown,
 Lie buried in this sacred soil,
 Their praise unsung, without a stone.
 Life's struggles they bore, with poverty,
 Like Christ, who died on Calvary.

We see the graves of pampered pride,
 With monuments pointing to the skies;
 Their names and deeds are glorified

MEMORIAL DAY IN CALVARY CEMETERY,

Concluded.

To make them all that's good and wise.
 Famed men of high and low degree,
 All are the same in Calvary.

Man lingers here a few short years,
 A pilgrim on life's busy stage,
 With hope and joy, and many tears,
 Then drops into the silent grave.
 Christ bore the cross for you and me,
 And conquered death on Calvary.

Oh God of mercy, love, and grace,
 Our only hope in life and death,
 Protect and guide us all our days ;
 Be with us at our parting breath.
 Thy mercy great, to all is free—
 Man's glory dates from Calvary.

 ACROSTIC.

TO A YOUNG LADY FRIEND.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

A HAPPY life, and free from care,
 G od's blessing too I hope you'll share,
 N aught ever know but peace and love,
 E ndowed with wisdom from above,
 S ure of God's grace and holy peace.

A nd may your joys with years increase.

C ould every cherished wish of mine
 L ight on your head, all would be thine;
 A ll would be thine, but better still,
 R evere your God and do his will.
 K eep watch on Agnes, angels fair,
 S ecurely guard from every snare ;
 O n her fair brow the crown may rest,
 N ear thee, O God, forever blest.

IN MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MOTHER.

By her affectionate son, Capt. P. KELLY.

IN sweet remembrance still I trace
My mother's smile and loving face,
Long numbered with the silent dead—
May holy angels guard her bed :
Too good for earth to longer stay,
Bright seraphs bore her soul away,
In life's great book there to enroll
My mother dear, God rest her soul.

Her angel smile has gone from me,
My mother's face no more I'll see ;
No more will hear her joyous song
To warm my heart and cheer me on.
Cast young adrift on life's dark sea,
No one to guide or care for me,
Without a chart for rock or shoal—
My mother dear, God rest your soul.

How oft you took me on your knee,
To teach me all I ought to be,
Mark out the road I should pursue,
Be kind to all, give each his due,
Trust in the Lord, his word obey,
His blessing seek, and ask each day
On his great mercy to rely,
And look for wisdom from on high ;

Reflect at night, think and survey
The actions done throughout the day,
Then treasure up and nurse with care
The joys I would receive and share ;
And thus the cheerful hours prolong
With counsel wise and loving song.
Life's busy cares and labors done,
You doted on your only son.

With holy faith and trust in God,
And hope in the Redeemer's blood,
You welcomed death to win the prize,
A glorious crown in Paradise.

IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.—Concluded.

How sweet your memory still appears,
Thro' the long flight of waning years.
God rest your soul, my mother dear,
Eternal Father, hear my prayer.

EPITAPH.

May Heaven's portion be your bed,
And all its joys, to share it;
A crown, dear mother, deck your head,
In glory bright to wear it.

IN MEMORY OF MY BELOVED SISTER,

Winifred Henry.

. By her loving brother, Capt. P. KELLY.

You sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
Now life's troubled dream is o'er;
Fond children weep, their hearts are breaking,
Mother's face they'll see no more.
A loving wife, kind friend and neighbor,
In each sphere you bore your part—
Would for the sick and needy labor,
With a true and Christian heart.

Death has ended all your sorrow.
To your faith and Saviour true,
For you there is no coming morrow,
God be merciful to you.
The golden links that bound together
Our fond hearts, and made them one—
A loving sister and a brother—
Are broken now, God's will be done.

Your holy faith will cheer our sadness,
Make our sorrows light to bear;
You welcom'd death with joy and gladness,
For the crown you hoped to wear.
Robed in white, your sins forgiven,
Your poor soul, I trust, is free.
With bright angels now in Heaven.
Sister dear, we pray for thee.

ACROSTIC.

TO A FRIEND,

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

MAKE us, Oh, Lord, Thy goodness feel,
 And fill our soul with righteous zeal;
 Reward us with Thy tender care,
 Your heavenly joys we hope to share,
 Through Thee, Oh, God, the crown to wear,
 Let Thy rich mercy never cease;
 Each blessed gift we pray increase;
 Our hope and trust in Thee we place;
 Needy and poor we seek Thy grace;
 All through this life Thy praise we sing;
 Repentant hearts to Thee we bring,
 Dear Lord of Hosts our Heavenly King.

ACROSTIC.

TO MY KATIE.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

KINDNESS true friendship will impart,
 And carries love to every heart,
 To all alike brings sweet repose;
 In sorrow, too, its fragrance shows
 E'en sweeter than the scented rose.

Keep truth and justice on your side,
 Ever through life your safest guide;
 Let others sigh for wealth and fame.
 Leave it to them; "What's in a name?"
 Your heart keep pure—your soul the same.

ACROSTIC.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

M y every wish, dear girl, for you
A re blessings thick as morning dew ;
R ound you may cling, from year to year,
Y our tender heart and mind to cheer,

E ach wish of mine recorded here.

S ome people sigh for wealth and fame ;
A ll this is dross ; " What's in a name ?"
R epose in God your sacred trust,
B elieve in Him, in all things just,
A nd guided by His holy care,
C ontent for Him the Cross to bear ;
K eep this in view—the crown you'll wear.

I hope each sentiment expressed
Will find an echo in your heart ;
With Christian zeal to warm your breast,
Then envy ne'er will hold a part.

ACROSTIC.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

M y God, thy grace on us bestow,
A nd keep us safe from every ill ;
R elying on thy love we know,
G lory awaits thy righteous will.
A ll-seeing God, forgive the past,
R esting on faith we trust in thee,
E ach fleeting hour may be our last ;
T hy mercy pray then show to me.

E ternal in thy Majesty !

L ong may you live by Heaven blessed,
Y our path in life be free from care ·
N o sorrow shade your peaceful breast,
C elestial joys I hope you'll share ;
H eavenly Father hear my prayer.

ACROSTIC.

TO MY NIECE.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

KEEP your faith in Jesus, strong,
 And He will all your wants supply
 To Him all praise and love belong.
 Inspired by God who rules on high,
 Endure the cross, the crown is nigh.

Tho' troubles, come and dark despair,
 In youth and age each has a share,
 My child I hope your lot will be
 Midst flowery paths, from sorrow free.
 Eternal peace and joy be thine,
 Recorded is each wish of mine,
 My heart's best love is all for you,
 And will your welfare keep in view;
 Neath every change my wish shall be,
 No thought but love and peace for thee.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

By CAPT. P. KELLY

DEAR wife, your loss we all deplore,
 Our children miss a mother's care;
 On earth we'll see your face no more,
 In heaven we hope to meet you there.

EPIGRAM.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

TIME flies swiftly as we go,
 We're passing on from day to day;
 Through summer's sun and winter's snow,
 From youth to age we pass away.

ACROSTIC.

ON THE LATE SENATOR JOHN MORRISSEY.

A small tribute of respect to his memory, by one who admired his many noble qualities while living, and now mourns his early death.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

J ust, generous, so brave and true,
O h, worthy chief, with pride we scan
H ow short thy years, alas, too few,
N oble and great, an honest man.

M ay perpetual light forever shine
O n thy poor servant, passed away ;
R aise him, O Lord, to joys divine,
R obed in the light of heavenly day.
I n thee he placed his hope and trust,
S weet Jesus, let thy mercy flow.
S aved by thy grace, thy ways are just,
E ternal bliss on him bestow,
Y our boundless love unto him show.

ACROSTIC.

TO A YOUNG LADY FRIEND,

By Capt. P. KELLY.

J ust in the bloom of health and youth,
E ndowed with virtue, love, and truth,
A heart that's pure and free from guile,
'N eath every change a winning smile ;
N ow every charm of love divine
E ncircles round this heart of thine ;
T he beaming eye and loving grace
T hat lights with joy your happy face,
E ach heavenly gift in you we trace.

P eaceful dreams and heavenly rest
I nspire your thoughts and fill your breast ;
C ontent and ease, O may you share
A happy life, and free from care.
U ntold of bliss your joys increase,
T hen end your days in love and peace.

ACROSTIC.

ON LITTLE BUTTERCUP (JULIA MITCHELL).

By Capt. P. KELLY.

J ULIA dear, God's love and grace
 U pon your sweet and smiling face ;
 L ord make your heart his dwelling place,
 I nstil your mind with heavenly love,
 A nd bring you to his throne above.

M y gentle child, with golden hair,
 I hope God will protect and care,
 T hy days be long, with honors spread,
 C ountless blessings on your head ;
 H ope, faith and love in God on high,
 E ach heavenly grace to glorify :
 L ight, joy, and hope of future years,
 L ord keep you safe till death appears.

MY CHERUB WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

TO LITTLE BUTTERCUP (JULIA MITCHELL).

By Capt. P. KELLY.

I love to see you sweet and bright,
 Just like the lily, pure and white ;
 God's love be with you everywhere,
 My cherub with the golden hair.

Oh may you grow, my lovely child,
 In wisdom great, in manners mild,
 Just like the angels, bright and fair,
 My cherub with the golden hair.

And when our race on earth is run,
 And with God's grace the crown is won,
 In heaven, I hope to meet you there,
 My cherub with the golden hair.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the Death of John Morrissey, Jr.

Respectfully dedicated to his parents.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

I LOOK in vain to see his face,
And sadly watch his vacant place;
My only son has gone from me,
His form on earth no more I'll see.

Remorseless death secured his prey,
And stole my darling boy away;
So young and fair, scarce twenty-one,
We mourn our loss, God's will be done.

A mother's hope and father's joy,
We doted on our darling boy;
His lovely image we will wear,
Within our hearts, engraven there.

He left his sorrows all behind,
For brighter joys and hopes to find;
In holy faith he died in grace,
And longed to see his Saviour's face.

For Jesus promised grace to all
Who lean on him, to knock or call;
For all his precious blood did flow,
Abuse and stripes did undergo.

For us the shameful cross he bore,
Marked out the way, and went before;
He gave his mercy and his love,
That we might all find rest above.

You are with God, I hope and trust,
So rest, sweet spirit, with the just;
In glory crown'd, O may you rise
To your reward in Paradise.

ACROSTIC.

TO MY NIECE.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

MAY peace and joy upon you shine,
 And fill your heart with love divine ;
 Revere the truth, all folly shun,
 Your life keep spotless as the sun.

Act well your part, the right pursue,
 Nor falter in the work you do ;
 Neath every change keep this in view.

Heaven's best gift I hope you'll share,
 Eternal bliss free from all care ;
 Night and day my constant prayer.
 Rejoiced to see each Christian grace,
 Your heart and soul its resting place.

ACROSTIC.

ON A DEPARTED FRIEND.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

A FRIEND most loved and mother dear,
 Now mourned by all with grief sincere ;
 God's holy law and righteous will
 Each moment eager to fulfill ;
 Lord, in thy mercy pray look down,
 Insure Thy servant with a crown
 Near thy bright throne of heavenly love,
 Eternal bliss and joy above.

Bless'd with each grace and pious mind,
 Revered by all, so good and kind,
 U leave a spotless name behind ;
 'N eath all each Christian virtue thine ;
 So rest in peace, dear Angeline.

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

Great God, in Thee we humbly trust,
 Thy mercy ask and pardon crave ;
 Now slumbering in the silent dust,
 We hope for peace beyond the grave.

ACROSTIC AND IN MEMORIAM.

On the late Senator Abraham Lent,

AN HONEST MAN AND ESTEEMED FRIEND.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

ACROSTIC.

A n honored man, a worthy sage,
 B lest be thy kind and generous heart,
 R evered by all, adorns my page,
 A nd peerless shines in every part.
 H is noble heart was warm and free,
 A nd full of love and charity.
 M ay heavenly bliss your portion be.

L ife's dream is past, with all its care,
 E arth's toils and troubles all are spent ;
 N ow may you with bright angels share
 T he crown of joy, dear friend, Abe. Lent.

IN MEMORIAM.

My grateful heart, where'er I be.
 In sweet remembrance, thinks of thee ;
 The golden rule you had in view,
 To all men honest, square, and true.

We miss your kind and genial face,
 A friend to all the human race:
 Now summoned to your final rest,
 In heaven, I trust, a welcome guest.

ACROSTIC AND IN MEMORIAM.

On the late Mrs. Mary C. Ayres,

A GOOD CHRISTIAN, A KIND WIFE AND MOTHER, AND A DEVOTED
FRIEND.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

MAY God have mercy on your soul,
A nd seraphs bear you up on high,
R ise onward to the heavenly goal,
Y our bright reward beyond the sky,

C elestial joys that never die.

A kind, devoted wife and friend,
Y our children miss a mother's care ;
R equiems chant your happy end,
S anctified by grace the crown to wear.

EPITAPH.

This life is short, alas. how brief,
Death often comes to bring relief
From care and suffering, toil and pain,
While here on earth we do remain.

With Thy dear Father intercede
To save us in the hour of need :
We trust Thee, Christ, our only claim
Thy mercy and Thy holy name.

Oh may the angels, bright and fair,
Take you dear Mary, to their care,
And may you with the blest arise
To find new life in Paradise.

ACROSTIC.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY (MISS KATIE A. DEMPSEY).

By Capt. P. KELLY.

KIND and loving, so good and true,
 All my joys are now fled with you :
 Thy years were short, my Katie dear,
 In sorrow now I linger here ;
 Earth's lost its charm, my joy has fled,

Alas, I mourn my Katie dead.

Dear to my heart, yes, doubly dear,
 Engraven is thy image there :
 May your poor soul find lasting rest,
 Perpetual joy, in heaven blest.
 Sharing the bliss, O God, with thee ;
 Extend thy grace and mercy free—
 Your soul's with God, O plead for me.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ANN MARRON,

A DEVOTED CHRISTIAN, A GOOD MOTHER, A KIND NEIGHBOR.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

How swift the years go rolling by,
 The young and old all fade and die ;
 We struggle on a few short years,
 Then pass beyond this vale of tears.

God's will be done, he knows what's best—
 The weary soul he called to rest ;
 Give us thy grace, O God, to know,
 And be prepared when called to go.

Your smiling face we'll see no more,
 To greet us as we pass the door ;
 Death severed all and broke the spell—
 God rest your soul, dear friend, farewell.

Dear Jesus, scourged and crucified,
 The heavenly portals open wide.
 And welcome the poor stranger in,
 Pure, undefiled, and free from sin.

IN MEMORIAM.

TO THE HEROES OF 1861—1865.

AIR.—“The Wearing of the Green.”

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

OUR cruel war is over now, the strife is at an end,
No more, in hostile ranks array'd, the North and South con-
tend ;

We are a band of brothers now, in peace and unity,
And everything is settled-up just as it ought to be.

There's noble Grant and Sherman, too, they never yet did yield ;
Phil Sheridan and Thomas are both masters in the field ;
Brave Farragut and Porter long have ruled upon the sea,
And made our enemies submit, whoever they may be.

Now God bless our gallant soldiers, and sailor lads so true—
Defenders of our Country's Flag, we all depend on you ;
If any foreign foe dare come to land upon our shore,
We'll send them back a-flying, as we often did before.

Fill to the memory, comrades, of all who fought and fell
For Union, Right, and Liberty, the flag we love so well ;
Their graves are scattered far and wide, on hill and dale they
rest,

A Nation chants their requiem, the bravest and the best.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A HYMN.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

OUR Father who in heaven art,
Oh, Lord ! we pray thy grace impart,
To us poor sinners here below,
Thy love and mercy to us show.

Give us this day our daily bread,
Thy countless blessings on us shed ;
From all temptations guide our path,
And save us from Thy holy wrath.

Our sins forgive, Oh, Lord ! we pray,
Keep us from harm—be Thou our stay ;
Give us Thy grace and love divine—
Through life, Oh, Lord ! all praise be thine.

And when at last on that great day,
When earth and sky shall pass away,
We hope to find eternal rest
On Thy right hand, among the bless'd.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

A HYMN.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

SWEET Jesus on the Cross we see,
In bloody sweat and agony ;
A crown of thorns upon his head,
By sinful man his blood was shed.

His sacred flesh is rent and torn,
Then spit upon with hate and scorn ;
Between two thieves the Holy Lamb
Poured out his blood for sinful man.

The sun refused to give its light,
Ashamed to view the dismal sight ;
The moon and stars in darkness lay,
The earth in terror shook that day.

Oh ! precious Lamb, for sinners slain,
Come, cleanse my soul from every stain,
Thou robed in sublime majesty,
In pity, Lord, look down on me.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

A HYMN.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

God is with us where'er we be,
All our thoughts and actions see ;
From temptation's every snare,
Watches us with tender care.

If the world upon you frown,
And by sin and woe cast down ;
When affliction sore you feel,
Come to Jesus' feet and kneel.

Seek forgiveness for the past,
From the sins that bind you fast ;
To the Lamb for sinners slain
No one ever came in vain.

When we leave this world below,
Thy kind mercy to us show ;
Chief of sinners tho' we be,
Lord, we put our trust in thee.

TO MY YOUNG GRANDDAUGHTERS,

MARY FRANCES AND ELEANOR LORETTA CONNELL.

(BLUE-EYED NELL AND BONNY MAY.)

By Capt. P. KELLY.

AIR.—“ My Nannie Oh.”

SWEET buds of promise, fair to view,
Two cherubs of celestial ray;
Christ taught and welcom'd such as you,
My Blue-eyed Nell and Bonny May.

No fairer rosebuds ever grew,
Or poets sang to minstrel lay,
Or sunshine kiss'd with pearly dew,
Than Blue-eyed Nell and Bonny Ma.

Lord fill your hearts with holy grace,
And keep you safe each coming day ;
Shed blessings on your name and race,
My Blue-eyed Nell and Bonny May.

My humble prayer to God ascend
To be your guide and heavenly stay
On earth, your hope thro' life, your friend,
My Blue-eyed Nell and Bonny May.

Sweet, lovely babes, my heart endears,
And your blest smiles now light the way;
Bring joy to my declining years,
My darling pets, dear Nell and May.

THE POOR OLD SPORT, AND ALL THAT.

AIR.—“A Man's a Man for a' That.”

By CAPT. F. KELLY.

I cut a dash when I had cash, a bank account, and all that,
Where'er I went my money spent—I made it fly, and all that,
And all that ; for all that gay times I had, and all that ;
Now I'm done brown upon the town, with nary red, for all that.

You bet your pile I lived in style, big suppers, game, and all
that ;
On quail and wine I used to dine, get jolly tight, and all that,
And all that ; for all that now things are changed, and all that ;
It's turn about, I go without, I live on wind for all that.

Fine horses, too, I had a few, fast trotters gay, and all that,
In style and speed I took the lead—blood will tell, and all that,
And all that ; for all that I made things hum, and all that ;
I took the whip and let her rip, two-forty gait, and all that.

I lived too fast, it could not last, run through my pile, and all
that ;
I tried my luck, and used to buck the tiger, too, and all that,
And all that ; for all that my money flew, and all that ;
I found the same a losing game, 'twas ten to one, and all that.

Look at my nose and seedy clothes, no fine things now, and all
that ;
They're up the spout, and I'm played out, a healthy beat, and
all that,
And all that ; for all that the boys shake me now, and all that ;
A poor old bum, a slave to rum, I am going to rack, and all
that.

My bumming's o'er, I'll drink no more, but sign the pledge, and
all that ;
From want and grief it brings relief to sots like me, and all that,
And all that ; for all that I'll drink cold water now, and all that ;
For Kelly says good temperate ways will make the man, for all
that.

THIS LOVING HEART OF MINE.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

The Music of this song can be obtained at DITSON'S Music Store, No. 711
Broadway.

THIS loving heart of mine
Will share each thought with thine ;
False it will never be ;
Thy winning smile and grace,
Kind heart and loving face,
Are light and life to me.

This loving heart of mine
Thy image will enshrine ;
My thoughts are all on thee ;
For each fond vow and kiss,
We gave to seal our bliss,
Will bring bright hopes to me.

This loving heart of mine
No longer will repine ;
Love whispers in mine ear ;
Should every friend depart,
Bright joy will fill my heart,
My cherished bride is near.

THE PARTING SIGH.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

MUSIC by AUGUSTUS CULL.

WHEN parting from our friends so dear,
 We feel a pang we dare not speak,
 The heaving sigh, the scalding tear,
 Is coursing down our pallid cheek,
 We miss the old, the young, and fair,
 The winning smile and loving heart;
 When sorrow comes each has his share—
 The nearest, dearest friends must part.

CHORUS.

The fond good-bye and heartfelt sigh
 Will cause the tears to start,
 And sorrow grim the eye will dim,
 And rend the loving heart.

With joy we had the glad return,
 And seek each friendly hand to greet,
 With anxious hearts we wait to learn
 From absent friends, and those we meet,
 The fond embrace and loving kiss,
 The welcome smile and friendly cheer,
 All speak of joy and heavenly bliss,
 From those we love and cherish dear.
 The fond good-bye, etc.

Death tears a dear one from our sight,
 Dark gloom and woe our bosoms fill;
 This lonely heart has felt the blight,
 And sorrow lingers round it still;
 When hungry death my lips shall seal,
 And close my eyes from all that's dear,
 The silent grave my faults conceal,
 Then brighten memory with a tear.
 The fond good-bye, etc.

CAPT. KELLY'S MEDLEY.

MARK ! I hear an angel sing,
 In the cottage by the sea ;
 Give me back my wedding-ring,
 Sally is the girl for me.

Put me in my little bed,
 Where the foaming billows roll ;
 I have not got nary red ;
 Johnny, come fill up the bowl.

Let me like a soldier fall,
 When the bloom is on the rye ;
 Waiter, bring me one fish-ball,
 How is that, old boy, for high ?

Susey stole my heart from me,
 And she put it up the spout ;
 Johnny's on another spree,
 That old thing is about played out.

Mary had a little sheep,
 Great on eating mutton-piès ;
 Mother, I came home to sleep,
 Wake me up, when Kirby dies.

ODE TO THE MEMBERS OF THE THIRD HOUSE.

GREETING.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

I TUNE my harp and sing the praise
 Of men who saw much better days :
 They formed opinions, rul'd the state.
 And were considered good and great.
 'Those men were good, and rul'd their day;
 To dudes and flunkeys now give way.

How often do we see and find
 Great statesmen of superior mind.
 Who've lost their pull, and have no grip,
 Go up salt river for a trip,
 Or scout around, all in a bunch,
 Go foraging for a free lunch.

Ex-judges, see them in a line,
 At Delmonico's they used to dine ;
 Ex-senators, they next appear,
 Ex-aldermen bring up the rear.
 Push on again, you will succeed,
 For pluck and brains are bound to lead.

Ex-assemblymen, O how are you ?
 Ex-congressmen, they flourished too,
 All ex-officials, high and low ;
 How times have changed, we find it so ;
 O what a fall is here from grace,
 My countrymen, in time and place.

The powers that be, and o'er us rule,
 Flunkeys and dudes, just out of school ;
 Reform, they cry, and make a deal,
 Put up a job, go in and steal :
 They cry reform, then suck and bleed
 Full ten times worse than days of Tweed.

They come to us from Jersey's shore,
 And Boston sends us many more ;
 But good Saint Martin has the keys,
 Keep out those rascals, if you please,
 Or by the great Apostle Luke
 I'll take away your keys and book.

RALLY ROUND THE GREEN FLAG.

DEDICATED TO THE F. B.

By CAPT. P. KELLY.

AIR.—“Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine.”

COME all true sons of Erin, now wherever you may be,
Unite, and work together, boys, the dear old land to free;
For years we've been in bondage, oppressive wrongs we've bore,
With sword and pike then rise and strike for liberty once more.

CHORUS.

Come rally round the green flag, come rally round the Green,
And ne'er be slave to Saxon knave, or own a foreign Queen.

We have been in many fights, with brave Grant, of iron-will,
With Little Mack, and Sherman, too, with gallant little Phil,
With brave Hancock, dashing Kearney, in Meagher's wild brigade,
With Irish pluck, boys, trust to luck, our good right arm and blade.

Come rally, etc.

The time has come for action, now no longer fawn or crave,
No longer kneel to tyrants base, or be a coward slave;
Rise in your might for fatherland, from mountain, plain, to sea,
Come, do or die, our battle cry, Erin and Liberty.

Come rally, etc.

Remember Robert Emmett, brave Fitzgerald, and Wolf Tone,
Who died to free our native land from the British throne;
Then come, my boys, united be, true, firm in heart and hand,
God in His might, defend the right, and free our native land.

Come rally, etc.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

A HYMN.

By Capt. P. KELLY.

LIKE pilgrims through this world we go,
We journey on from day to day,
Through summer's sun and winter's snow,
From youth to age we pass away.

The pomp of earth may please the eye,
The joys of earth will pass away ;
All worldly hopes are but a sigh,
Will vanish soon and pass away.

In travelling through this vale of tears,
Guide us, O Lord, we humbly pray ;
Thy grace, my God, when death appears,
Will light our souls to endless day.

When we before thy judgment stand,
And in thy presence must appear,
Then may we hear thy blest command,
Well done, come thou and enter here.

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